THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance, THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1854. | WHOLE NO. 1711.

Choice Poetry.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ELD.

A BALLAD.

Pictures of Life.

THE FLIGHT OVER THE CORDILLERAS.

Our Picture Gallery.

CRONSTADT—FORT ALEXANDER—150 GUNS.

Cronstadt, the "Malta of the Baltic," as the Russians style it, is a town, fortress, and port in the Government of St. Petersburg, from which city it is thirty-one miles distant. It is built at the South-East extremity of Kothnoi-Ostrof, an island in that part of the Gulf of Finland called the Bay of Cronstadt, about sixteen miles from the mouth of the Neva. This island, a bed of chalk, formerly called Retousari, or Rat Island, by the Finlanders, is seven miles in length, and about one mile in breadth. At the entrance of the harbor, on an island opposite the citadel, lies the castle or fortress of Cronschlott, built by Peter the Great. This fortress and the mole bristle with guns, and the harbor itself is approachable only by one channel, which is well defended. A late visitor says that 600 heavy guns can be brought to bear on a vessel lying at the mole. The passage between Cronschlott and Cronstadt is 2,000 paces in width, and has ample depth for the largest vessels. Besides its importance as the great naval station of the Russian fleet, Cronstadt is the harbor of St. Petersburg. All vessels proceeding to that port are searched here, and their cargoes sealed; and such as are too large for the shallow waters of the Upper Neva, unload their cargoes at Cronstadt, and transport them in smaller crafts. The channel is marked by stakes the whole way, and vessels built at Petersburg are placed on a "camel," or kind of raft, by which their draught of water is lessened one-half, and then floated down the Neva, and over its bar, on which there is often only seven feet water. There are two navigable approaches to the Neva: the Northern is by nature difficult, on account of the sand-banks, and is said to have been made inaccessible lately by sinking vessels filled with stones in the channel; the Southern arm, though nearly seven versts (about 4½ miles) broad, has an exceedingly narrow channel, close to the island of Cronstadt, and this is enfiladed by the guns on the works.

Cronstadt, which is built in the form of an irregular triangle, is strongly fortified on all sides. It has three harbors, lying to the South of the town. The outer, or military harbor, which is entirely surrounded by a massive and strongly fortified mole, is a rectangle stretching out into the sea, and is capable of containing, besides smaller vessels, about thirty-five ships of the line. It is now, however, so shallow at low water, that many of the ships are obliged to anchor in the middle harbor, which is properly intended for the fitting out and repairing of vessels. It contains the slips, a powder magazine, a manufactory of pitch, tar, &c., &c. The third, West, or innermost harbor, which has space for 600 merchant vessels, and runs parallel with the middle harbor, admits only merchantmen, for which there is besides an excellent roadstead, immediately outside of the port, which is defended also by the citadel, constructed on a rock in the middle of the sea of Cronstadt. All these harbors are well secured; but, in consequence of the freshness of the sea water, no vessel can be preserved in them above twenty years. They are besides detained a great part of the year by the ice in the bay of Cronstadt, which usually prevents vessels from entering after the end of November, or leaving before the end of April, or sometimes even later. For nearly six months the bay of Cronstadt is as lifeless as a desert; the whole surface is then frozen to one solid level, broken only by three roads—one to St. Petersburg, one to Oranienbaum, and a third to Sestrabek. In 1849 the summer season commenced on the 15th May, and ended on the 26th November.

The town, which, with its garrison, contains about 10,000 inhabitants, is very regularly built, and contains many fine, straight, and well-paved streets, and several public squares. The houses, however, with the exception of those belonging to the Government, are chiefly of one story, and built of wood. The city has three gates, and is divided into two parts—the Commandant and Admiralty quarters, which are subdivided into four districts. Between the Peter's and Catherine canals is the old Italian palace, built by Prince Menschikoff, who took this island from the Swedes in 1703.

Among the chief buildings are the Admiralty, Exchange, Custom-House, Barracks, a Protestant gymnasium, various schools, an invalid asylum for sixty females, the nobility's club, and the house of Peter the Great, where he resided for some time; but, with the exception of a few old oaks, which he is said to have planted with his own hand, there are no remains of the former garden. The permanent population of Cronstadt, exclusive of the garrison, the pupils of the naval school, workmen, and sailors, is not considerable; during the summer it amounts to upwards of 40,000 individuals, of various nations; of these, next to the Russians, the English are most numerous. The inhabitants derive their chief support from the fleet, trade, and shipping. The town presents an appearance of great activity and bustle during the summer, but in winter all is dead and stagnant. The town and port were laid out, and the buildings far advanced, by Peter the Great, who founded Cronstadt in 1710; but it did not receive its present name (the City of the Crown) till 1721. At the northern extremity of the island is Fort Alexander, built of massive blocks of Finland granite, intended to mount 150 guns, but having only 120. In the centre is a court-yard, and in it is a barrack, not bomb proof, capable of containing 750 men. The guns are chiefly of the largest size, but the fort is said to labor under the same disadvantage as those of Sebastopol—the back part of the casements being solid, and the loopholes very small, there is no proper passage for the smoke, so that the men serving the guns would be half smothered after a few rounds had been fired.

The next fort on the left from Alexander is Fort Peter, which mounts 85 guns, and one side of which commands the anchorage and passage to St. Petersburg. Fort Menschikoff, built in 1851, mounts 48 guns—all facing the channel. Opposite Alexander, on the right bank of the channel, stands Fort Risband, which, when completed, was to mount 250 guns.

Late accounts from St. Petersburg affirm that the strand batteries, which command the channel leading up to the harbor, have been doubled, and that before Cronstadt can be attacked, these batteries, which contain 800 guns of the largest calibre, must be destroyed. They also say that there are three artillery parks in reserve.

Letters from Bromberg announce a somewhat novel mode of establishing submarine mines for the special and complete destruction of all British ships approaching Cronstadt.—Russian engineers they say have sunk vast blocks of granite into the channel, in which blocks, chambers filled with powder have been excavated, and are to be fired by voltaic batteries at the critical moment. A pleasant story!

Selected Articles.

THE SABLE RACE.

ON THE MEANS OF MULTIPLYING THE SMALLER BIRDS AROUND OUR DWELLINGS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

POLYGAMY IN UTAH.

New Publications.

VIOLET, THE CHILD OF THE CITY. By ROBERT F. GREELY. Published by Bunce & Brothers, 134 Nassau St. New York.

A fashionable novel.

LIFE AND ITS AIMS.—This is the title of a new novel shortly to be published by Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of this city. We are indebted to the publishers for several advance sheets, but find nothing in them of a sufficiently disconnected character to lay before our readers. We shall endeavor to do justice to the volume when it makes its appearance.

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Winter in Vienna—Austrian Police System—A Custom-House Experience.

After spending some weeks in various provinces of the Austrian Empire, and becoming rather favorably impressed by Austrians, if not by Austria, I am at last in the capital, and have had time to see the outside of things at least. So far, I have found no reason to regret the change that led me here. No continental city has pleased me more than Vienna. It has not the dazzling splendors, nor the delirious pleasures of some parts of Paris, but on the other hand, it has none of those dark, dismal, dirty, unpaved lanes and alleys, that are the foil of the Boulevards, the Rue de la Paix, the Place de la Concorde, and other unparalleled beauties of the French capital. It lacks, too, the broad avenues of Berlin, and the crowd of architectural and artistic beauties that give to the Prussian metropolis a real glory. Munich, too, is a city of more "magnificent distances," and Dresden of more quiet elegance; but through the narrow and crooked streets of Vienna rushes a current of active, earnest life, enlivening one with the thought that he is among men whose world is work, but men not insensible or irresponsive to the attractions of beauty and pleasure. By day, business fills the streets with hurrying things; by night, they are not less animated by the eddying streams that set towards theatres, balls, concerts, and the thousand and one localities where the more than nine-lived Time is killed. I enjoyed Vienna for a few days with all the pleasure of a keen contrast. After having spent a year in a quiet, little, university city, where the only life was due to a few hundred students, to be once more a looker on in a great city, "a looker in Vienna," was a pleasure which only one who has passed his life in one of the world's great hives can enjoy. Amid the tortures of that most unenviable of all occupations in a strange city, hunting rooms, I had eyes for the features reminding me of my home. A long succession of fancy stores, the goods displayed at doors and windows, shopmen and shopwomen busy behind counters, supplying the wants of the crowd before, sidewalks filled with gaily dressed ladies, "out shopping," the rattling of cabs, carriages and omnibuses, the shouts of drivers, graciously warning you to look out for your life, merchants running to and fro, as if money was scarce, apple-women standing at corners, and even dealers in Italian chesnuts looking out from holes in the wall, brought Chesnut and Second streets vividly to my mind. But only for a moment. Streets that seem like huge walled ditches, in which a view of a hundred yards is a long vista; equipages, with liveried drivers and footmen, uniformed policemen at every other step, sorrowful looking Hungarian soldiers in tights, proud officers numerous as crows in a corn-field, their swords rubbing at each step against the pavements; long robed priests, monks in their coarse garb and cord girdled waists, Greeks, Turks and Jews, all in their peculiar costume, and looking down upon all with the majesty of a patriarch and king, the pride of Vienna, the Cathedral of St. Stephen, dissipated the illusion.

One of the first duties of a traveller on arriving in a German city, is to pay his respects to the police, either in person or by proxy. An unsophisticated American, who fancies that a summons to the police office and indelible disgrace are synonymous, has his conceptions of the mission of policemen suddenly enlarged when he gets upon the continent. Detection and punishment of criminals may be very well for a wild country like America, but in these refined, old lands, "prevention" is the motto, and for prevention's sake, every one seems to be looked upon as a suspicious character, and as such is known and watched by the police. Nowhere is this comprehensive oversight of citizens and strangers more rigid than in Austria. Here no proxies are allowed, but the traveller himself must make his appearance before the authorities.

But after one has overcome all his repugnance to being watched in all his motions, there is nothing remarkably unpleasant respecting the regulation of the city you enter. And this much I must say of the Austrian police, that nowhere in Germany, or in the world, have I met a more courteous class of officials. I need hardly say that the whole system of passports and espionage, of whose burdens the traveller indeed feels but little, meets my hearty detestation. I am not the less ready on that account to do justice to the kindness of those who are entrusted with its administration. Knowing that not the most friendly feeling was entertained by the Austrian Government towards my country, and that recent events had given additional, and as I think, just cause, to look with no favorable eye upon Americans, I had anticipated, if not difficulties, at least, unpleasant scenes, in my intercourse with the police. But ...

... alluded, to show that I was enrolled. To fulfil this condition a delay of several days would have occurred, and circumstances made it desirable that I should ... or the requisite permission at once. On explaining the case to the subordinate, he said he could do nothing for me, that ... required to bring the certificate alluded to, but ... hearing my statement, ordered the paper required to be at once made out. I have not yet obtained the dean's certificate, and it is not likely I shall, so that I am living in Vienna as a student, without having a right legally to claim that character. I mention the incident merely to show that there is no disposition in the Austrian officials to put any obstacles in the way of ... visiting their country ... English and American travellers of the insolence of the Austrian police, and of the difficulties which they encounter throughout the empire, are either gross exaggerations, or evidence that they themselves are most in fault. I can readily conceive that a stranger, ignorant of the language of the country, and filled with lively hatred of its police system, may get into trouble, and exhaust the politeness of the officers, but if one will take pains to know what is required of him, and observe it in a gentlemanly manner, he will meet with no hindrance, and no insolence.

I had not been long in Vienna, before an invoice of books and apparatus from Leipsic called me to the Custom-House, where my experience, though not unprofitable, was not so pleasant. A misunderstanding, arising from stupidity on the part of an inspector, and perhaps equal stupidity on my side, gave rise to some sharp words, in which the Austrian, using his mother tongue, had altogether the advantage. It was highly amusing, however, to see the care with which the entrance of incendiary publications is prevented. For three hours long I ran from office to office, getting this document filed, this paper signed, returning, and re-returning to have them examined. Then the books must be taken to the Censor's Office, to see if some of my chemical authors did not give a recipe for some explosive compound to blow up the monarchy; then another half-hour lost, while the reckoning of duties passed through a half-dozen hands, and at last, after a whole morning spent in getting a score of books, I left the office, hoping to have no further dealings with it.

From the immense size of the warehouses, and the innumerable officers with which they are filled, one would suppose that Vienna was the depot for half of Europe. If the New York Custom-House was so administered, there would be an end to Guthrie letters and Bronson replies, for all the patriots who wish to serve ...

Clippings.

... The Franklin (Chambersburg) Repository of the 26th says: Mrs. Ellen Sarver, wife of Mr. John Sarver, residing on a farm near Shippensburg, belonging to Mr. Charles Barnett, of this place, presented her husband, on Friday of last week, with four sons. The mother and children are doing as well as could be expected.

General News.

FROM CUBA.—AMNESTY PROCLAIMED.—The Black Warrior brings news from Cuba to the 29th. The officers of the Black Warrior were treated with marked politeness on her outward as well as homeward trip, and the manifest was accepted without comment.

"The Black Warrior brings us Proclamations of pardon, says the N. Y. Express, through the Captain General, addressed from the Queen to certain offending subjects, whose passions and ill advice has led them to violate the laws of their faithful Queen.

"1st. A general amnesty is decreed to all those who have taken part, directly or indirectly, in any of the conspiracies, rebellions or invasions, instigated by foreigners with the view of creating disturbances or committing any other political transgressions of law in Cuba.

"2d. This pardon only applies to political offences.

"3d. The Amnesty is made general for all the Provinces of Spain.

"The only qualification in regard to these pardons would seem to be where there may be actual danger from the political offences.

"The parties pardoned are allowed to fix their residences in any part of Spain, or in any foreign port, except, for the present, they may not return to Cuba or Porto Rico without petitioning to, and obtaining the consent in writing of the Captain General of one, and the Governor of the other. These petitions are to be received and granted, except upon assurance that they would endanger the public safety.

"The Captain General carries the royal clemency still further, by announcing a voluntary subscription for the succor and temporary support of the emigrants thus relieved. A very earnest exhortation to new and renewed loyalty follows these introductions to the General Amnesty, which bears date March 23d, and which was published in Havana, April 27."

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce we extract the following:—

HAVANA, April 28, 1854.—I find nothing of great interest occurring at this time, save the very proper preparation by the Government of all the defensive works and munitions of the city and vicinity. I am informed that two regiments of black troops are to be organized, drilled and armed, with all the despatch probable; that the soldiers who, from disability, faithful service, or other cause, have received licenses to labor for themselves, are to be recalled for active service, all those that may be found competent. The amnesty published yesterday, it is feared, may be late for the purpose intended, to restore harmony, as well as the absent for "political offences" to their families; ...

POSTSCRIPT.

THE STOCK MARKET.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1854.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

[illegible]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

General News.

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 6, 1854.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 6.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

A CERTIFICATE

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

JOSEPH S. McKENNEY & SON, DENTISTS, No. 173 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

"... laughed and wept over them till our sides ached."—N. Y. Atlas.

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16,000 SOLD THE FIRST WEEK.

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THE

LIFE AND SAYINGS

OF

MRS. PARTINGTON

AND

OTHERS OF THE FAMILY.

BY B. P. SHILLABER,

OF THE BOSTON POST.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S RECEPTION BY THE PRESS.—Read the following:

"Sparkling in every page and paragraph, with a mingled merriment and pathos singularly suggestive of a day in spring, 'half sunshine, half tears.' It bears upon it the broad stamp of a kindling genius, a genial nature, rare powers of observation, and a well applied experience. Not a witticism has it through which we cannot trace an under-current of benevolence; not a serious reflection to which some latent witticism does not lend vivacity and counterpoint. We must conclude by advising every one who wishes a happy fireside, a smiling circle, to invest his dollar and a quarter in the cheapest and most delectable book it has been our lot to stumble on in these 'lonesome latter days.'"—New York Democrat.

"She has coaxed many a lip to relax from ... given to many ... dry shores of newspaper-reading, and invited the ... to tarry and refresh himself."

[illegible]

WINNER'S COLLECTION OF VIOLIN MUSIC, containing 50 pages of the Latest and most Popular Music, arranged in an easy manner in the first position. A copy will be sent by mail, free, on the receipt of 50 cents in stamps.

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MANUFACTURERS of the most approved styles of Stoves, Hollow-ware, &c. my6-6m

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A new and complete Gazetteer of the U. States; giving a full and comprehensive review of the present condition, industry and resources of the American Confederacy: Embracing, also, important Topographical, Statistical and Historical information.

[illegible]

THE POET BURNS.

ZINC PAINTS.

IRON FOUNDERS, AND MANUFACTURERS OF WROUGHT AND CAST IRON RAILINGS.

WORLD'S FAIRS. LONDON, 1851. NEW YORK, 1853.

PETERSON'S FAMILIAR SCIENCE.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, FOR THE RAPID CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

EXCELSIOR SEWING MACHINES.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

SICK AND AFFLICTED, READ HERE!

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35,000,000! SPLENDID CARPETS FOR THE MILLION. HIRAM ANDERSON'S

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED

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LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON.

MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

PHILADELPHIA AND SAVANNAH STEAMSHIP LINE.

AN EXCELLENT CHANCE

TO YOUNG MEN.

NEW MAP OF EUROPE.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

MY WIFE AND CHILD.

I sit here in my darkening room,
Alone amid the dusky gloom—
Ay, all alone—no wife—no child—
A day-dream hath my heart beguiled.
Alas! that airy fancy's sway
Should play such roguish tricks with me!
My wife and child,—I sigh to say,
Are yet—alas!—are yet to be!

—*Portland Eclectic.*

Selected Sketch.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S FIRST LOVE.

We were lying in the harbor of Genoa—the "City of Palaces." Our frigate, one of the finest in the American Navy, was in splendid trim—her decks clean and white as "holy stones" could make them, her brass-work glittering like burnished gold, and not a belaying-pin or a ring-bolt but shone like polished steel. Our crew, too, as fine a set of fellows as ever manned one of Uncle Sam's floating batteries, were in excellent discipline, and, with their white frocks turned over with blue, their black neckerchiefs, snowy duck trowsers, and glossy black tarpaulins, they presented a beautiful, uniform, and sailor-like appearance. Our ship was open, during the day, to visitors, and a great many availed themselves of the opportunity to examine and admire one of the most splendid specimens of naval architecture that ever floated in those waters—a model man-of-war from the great model Republic. The Genoese were particularly delighted, and exhibited the best evidences of that sympathy which men born on the same soil with Columbus, and enjoying the traditions of a once free and happy government themselves, naturally feel for the freemen of that mighty clime which their illustrious countryman, under Providence, redeemed from barbarism, and gave to the grand theatre of human development through enlightenment and liberty. Invitations flowed in upon our officers from all quarters, and a most delightful time they had of it. For my own part, I was perfectly enchanted with Genoa, or ought to have been, if it be true that "distance lends enchantment to the view," for it was only from the deck of our ship that I had any opportunity of contemplating the "superb city." I had been refractory in the eyes of our "first Luff"—a perfect Tartar—and was enjoying the pleasures of quarantine.

It is no facile matter to repress the buoyancy of a midshipman's spirits, however, especially when he has an easy conscience, a clean shirt, and is out of debt to the purser—so I took it [illegible]

[illegible]

City Scenes.

PROBABLY THE NEXT BONNET FASHION.

Wit and Humor.

TOO HONEST.

Scene First.—"Mr. Slocum, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir; James Slocum."

"Some months ago, Mr. Slocum, you gave me credit for a pair of boots—price five dollars. I now have called to liquidate the demand."

"Owe me five dollars? Well, really I have no remembrance of the fact."

"Be that as it may, the debt is honest, and must be paid."

Here the middle-aged gent, in pepper and salt cassimeres, took out a well-filled pocket-book, and handed Slocum a twenty dollar bill. Slocum balanced the account, and handed to the middle-aged gentleman in the seasonable wearing apparel, fifteen dollars, being the "balance on the boots."

The middle-aged gentleman left, while Slocum went off in a reverie.

"Well, the world is not so bad, after all; here at least is one genuine honest man. I will never speak ill of the human family again."

Scene Second.—An Exchange office.—Enter Slocum.

Bullion runs over the "pictured blotting paper," and throws out a twenty dollar bill.

"What do you throw out that for?"

"Not worth a cent—one of the new counterfeits come out yesterday."

Slocum once more goes off into a reverie. "Curse that scoundrel! That's the very bill that honest man paid me yesterday for them boots. What a vile world. I don't believe that there is one upright man on earth."

The last we saw of Slocum, he was putting off for the "police to enter complaint."

Young America in Pantalets.—Here is a part of a letter received by a friend from a daughter, nine years old, who is now at a boarding-school; placed there because she was one of those who knew *too* much to stay at home:—

"*My Dear Father*:—I was very glad to hear from you, and to hear you was well; but I was not a bit glad to hear that mother had a baby, because it was a boy. I should be very glad if it were a little girl, but I hate boys worse than ever. Now, I am going to tell you what you ought to name him. I am going to choose a [illegible]

[illegible]

THE SOIREE.

BY PHŒBE CAREY.

This is the Soiree: from grate to furnace,
Like milliners' figures, stand the lovely girls;
But from their silent lips no merry sentence
Disturbs the quietude of their shining curls.

Ah! what will rise, how will they rally,
When shall arrive the "gentlemen of ease?"
What brilliant repartee, what witty sally,
Will mingle with their pleasant symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite sweet chorus,
The laugh of ecstacy, the merry tone,
That through the evenings that have gone before us
In long reverberations reach our own.

From round-faced Germans come the guttural voices,
Through curling moustache steals the Italian clang,
And, loud amidst their universal noises,
From distant corners sounds the Yankee twang.

I hear the editor, who from his office
Sends out his paper, filled with praise and puff,
And holy priests, who, when they wore the surplice,
Beat the fine pulpit, lined with velvet stuff.

The tumult of each coquet and charming maiden,
The idle talk that sense and reason drowns,
The ancient dames with jewelry o'erladen,
And trains depending from the brocade gowns,—

The pleasant tone, whose sweetness makes us wonder,
The laugh of gentlemen, and ladies, too,
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of some lady Blue,—

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With pastimes so ridiculous as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the wealth that fills the world with ladies,
Were half the time bestowed on caps and lace,
Given to the home, the husbands, and the babies,
There were no time to visit such a place.

A Saucy Error.—A French exchange contains the following anecdote, which we translate, as it may show that gentlemen of Hibernian extraction, are not alone addicted to amusing mistakes:

A gentleman of Douai was going out in his carriage to make some calls with his wife, when he discovered that he had left his visiting cards. He ordered his footman, recently come into his service, to go to the mantel-piece in his sitting-room, and bring the cards he should see there. The servant did as ordered, retaining the articles to be used as he would be directed, and off started the gentleman, sending in the footman with cards whenever "not-at-homes" occurred. As these were quite numerous, he turned to his servant with the question: "How many cards have you left?"

"Well, sir," said the footman, very innocently, "there's the king of spades, the six of hearts, and the ace of clubs!"

The poor fellow had taken the wrong "documents."—*Northern Gazette.*

Miscellaneous.

GETTING ALONG.

There are two ways of getting through the world. Some men have the knack of "getting along," while others "work their way." The man who "gets along" is always devising some expedient by which to shirk the primal curse—or rather blessing—of labor. He starts a "gift lottery," or exhibits a fat hog to the gazing populace at twelve and a half cents per head. He invents a quack medicine, warranted to cure "all the ills that flesh is heir to," and gets a minister to endorse it; he advertises "five hundred receipts for making a fortune in less than no time," offering them to the gullible public for the extraordinary price of one dollar, post paid; or he turns politician and is rewarded with a consulship to the Fejee Islands. He is always changing the object of his pursuit, now running in one direction, and now another, and this he calls "getting along!"

The man who "works his way in the world," chooses the business of life with careful reference to his tastes and capacities, and then steadily sticks to it. He becomes master of one string, and draws from it such melody as soothes him in the darkest hours. If he does not grow rich, he becomes respected and honored. His perseverance is counted unto him as a virtue, and men say *he* is "one of the old standards." He sticks to his business, and his business sticks to him. What it brings him he knows how to value and enjoy, for he has earned it. He has his "ups and downs," but they are only the undulations which carry him steadily over the wave's of life's ocean. With continued practice comes skill—and that is always in demand. So he "works his way" upward, and is known as "a rising man." But he does not go up like a rocket to come down like its stick. His progress is gradual, but sure, for he "works his way," he lays a good foundation for every upward step. He developes his powers and is happy in their exercise. He is a truly devout man, for he "works his way," and all labor is [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the book into the soul; they are not exhausted, like branches on the outer frame, not confined to a limited period of time. They burn in the mind through eternity. They outlast the fame of the author. Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment, and some *follow after*. The accursed evils of a licentious book, or of a profane and infidel publication, especially if there be enough of the semblance of genius in it to make it immortal through a lifetime, follow the author into the eternal world. Sad must be the reflection of those who have expended the powers of genius God has lavished upon them, in providing perennial and perpetual fountains of sin in its most alluring forms for all who came after.

For the Young.

REFRACTION.

Q. What is meant by *refraction?*

A. *Bending a ray of light* as it passes from one medium to another.

Q. Does *air* possess the property of *refracting light?*

A. Yes; the more dense the air, the greater is its *refractive* power. Consequently, that portion of the atmosphere at the earth's surface possesses the *greatest refractive power*; its density gradually diminishing according to its distance from the earth; till it becomes so rare as scarcely to produce any refraction upon light.

Q. How is a ray of light *bent* as it passes from one medium to another?

A. When a ray of light passes into a *denser* medium it is bent *towards* the perpendicular. When it passes into a *rarer* medium it is bent *from* the perpendicular.

Q. Why does an oar in water appear bent?

A. Because the part out of the water is seen in a different medium to the part in the water; and the rays of these two parts, meeting together at the surface of the river, *form an angle*—or, in other words, make the oar look as if it were bent.

N. B.—As all rays of light are refracted (or bent) more in their passage through water than in their passage through *air*, they will tend to cross each other at the surface of the water, and, of course, form an elbow or angle.

Q. Why does a spoon (in a glass of water) always appear *bent?*

A. Because the light, (reflected from the spoon) is *refracted* as it *emerges from the water*.

Q. Why does a river always appear more shallow than it really is?

A. Because the light of the bottom of the river is *refracted* as it emerges out of the water.

Q. How much deeper is a river than it seems [illegible]

[illegible]

For Housekeepers.

[illegible]

Agricultural.

ALARMING DETERIORATION OF THE SOIL.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

[illegible]

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

CHARADE.

[illegible]

PROBLEM.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]